

IN ROLE OF CUPID

Lost Baby Brings Professor to Realization of His Own Helplessness.

By GEORGE MUNSON.

"I don't know what can be the matter with me, Miss Johnson," said Professor Barry to his housekeeper as she handed him his morning coffee. "I think I must be growing old."

"O, come, professor, you old at forty-five!" replied Miss Johnson, laughing. "What you want is to get married."

"Get married," repeated the professor absently, as though the idea had never occurred to him. "Why, who would want to marry an old foggy like me?"

"Some might," retorted Miss Johnson, tossing her head, and for the first time the professor wondered why Miss Johnson, with her strong, capable hands and warm heart had never married.

Miss Johnson came every day to attend to the professor's needs. He was instructor in Latin at the college; Miss Elizabeth Johnson was the daughter of a fellow professor who had died impoverished. She was not pretty, but she was a universal favorite, and she was treated as a social equal by everybody in spite of the menial work she did. Miss Johnson might have been thirty-five.

"If ever I got married," mused the professor, as he wandered in the direction of the town, "I should want a wife with light brown hair, blue eyes, a pleasant but not necessarily beautiful face, and of a stature five feet four or five feet six. She should be a good cook and fond of children, always good-tempered and—why, bless me!"

He blushed as he hurried along the street, for it had suddenly occurred to him that he was describing Miss Johnson.

"But I didn't mean anything, I assure you," he explained absently to himself.

"Please don't mention it," said a pleasant female voice in his ear, and



"It isn't his."

the professor started in surprise, to see that he was looking into the face of a comely young woman who carried a baby.

"I assure you no harm has been done," she said. "So if you will kindly hold my little girl while I look for it, everything will come out all right." And she thrust a blinking bundle into his arms.

Professor Barry had never held a baby in his life and would have indignantly declined, but his arms went out instinctively, and a moment later he found himself holding the bundle. While the mother disappeared into the midst of the shopping crowd and was lost to view almost immediately.

"Now I wonder what it was that I did," suggested the professor to himself, but there was no answer forthcoming. It must have been something dreadful to have merited this penalty. The bundle was becoming uncommonly heavy, and what was worse, the little face suddenly screwed up and a wall of extraordinary intensity came from it.

"Hush, hush, baby," implored the professor, dandling the infant. "Go to sleep like a good boy—I mean girl. Mother will come by and by."

Apparently this prospect did not act as a soothing incentive for the baby began to howl louder than ever. A little crowd had formed around the professor and was regarding him with manifest interest. A small boy jeered at him.

"Ah, take him home," suggested a ribald spectator. "Where did you get it?"

"It isn't his," exclaimed a woman with a shopping face, who stood near the speaker.

"He's stolen it," suggested another lady.

"Kidnaped," yelled another woman and promptly fainted.

"His Black Dan, the thousand-dollar child-stealer," somebody yelled, and those on the outskirts of the crowd set up a yell of rage and surged forward toward the victim, while those nearest him, who understood the conditions of the case, not wishing to take part in the impending riot, quickly disappeared, leaving the professor at the mercy of the hostile mob.

Happily at this juncture a policeman came pushing through the crowd.

"What's all this?" he demanded. "Hey, there. Where's the child?"

"It belongs to a woman," stammered Professor Barry. "I don't know her."

"He's stolen it," shrieked an irate lady as she broke her umbrella upon the professor's hat.

"Gimme the child," said the policeman, taking the screaming and frightened baby from the professor's arms.

"Certainly," said the professor cordially, divesting himself of his burden happily and turning to dodge out of the crowd.

"Hey, where are you going?" cried

the policeman. "You're coming with me. It's going to be a cell for you."

"But a woman gave it to me," pleaded Professor Barry demurely. The mental picture of imprisonment proved overwhelming. He saw himself disgraced, expelled from the society of his friends, thrown out of the college. "Oh, for five minutes of Miss Johnson!"

"Tell that to the judge. Are you coming quietly, or—"

Suddenly the crowd parted, as waves are cut by a keel, and then, quietly, placidly, without the least effort, and perfectly cool and collected, Miss Johnson appeared at the policeman's side.

"It's all right," she said, smiling. "Just a mistake, Frank. This is Professor Barry of whom I have often told you."

"Then what's he doing with a strange baby, miss?" inquired the policeman dubiously.

"Why, you foolish man, it isn't a strange baby, it's your baby," said Miss Johnson, smiling. "Don't you know your own child?"

"My head!" exclaimed the policeman, and would have dropped it had not Miss Johnson deftly caught it. "It must be, I remember them shoes. How did he get it? Where's my Polly and why isn't she here?"

As he looked round helplessly a young woman struggled through the crowd and snatched the child hysterically from Miss Johnson's arms, kissing and murmuring over it.

"My baby," she cried. "I left her with the saleswoman, Frank, and she gave her to the wrong woman. Thank God I've found her."

"There you see the explanation," said Miss Johnson. "The woman couldn't resist taking her, and then she was afraid to restore her, so she gave her to Professor Barry because he looked absent-minded. Professor, Frank Hitchens is the son of my landlady."

Professor Barry, too stupefied to answer, suffered himself to be led away through the dispersing crowd, and half an hour later Miss Johnson deposited him at the door of his house.

"Now I guess you can take care of yourself, professor," she said smiling. The professor's arms went up just as the baby's had done, and he caught Miss Johnson by the sleeve.

"No, I can't," he said. "I want somebody to take care of me for life. That's what is the matter with me. I want you, Miss Johnson—I mean Elizabeth. Will you?"

Miss Johnson signified that she would.

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TIGER FAILED IN HIS PART

Youthful Hypnotist Might Have Succeeded, but Savage Brute Refused to Lend Aid.

"Jack the Lion Tamer," a ten-year-old boy who got the notion that he could subdue the wildest of wild beasts by looking them in the eye, had a narrow escape from serious injury in the Central park menagerie at New York when he tried to hypnotize Dick, the savage Siberian tiger.

Dick was lying near the iron bars of the outer cage when the young lion tamer came along. The boy had been caught pulling a lion's tail several times this summer and had been warned of the danger.

He got inside the railing, approaching the tiger's cage, and put a hand and arm between the bars. Then he called to Dick as he would to a dog, while looking him in the eyes.

The big tiger hasn't lost any of his savage nature since arriving at the park, and when he saw the arm in his cage his muscles stiffened for action. His ears went back and his lips curled. A group of men stood near, but no one warned the boy of his peril.

The lad thought he had the beast subdued and was bringing his hand closer and closer. Keeper George Siebert happened to go outside and, seeing the situation, grabbed the boy by the collar and pulled him back just as the tiger leaped toward the boy's head.

One of Dick's claws tore the boy's index finger. The keeper gave him a lecture and expelled him from the menagerie.

Why Poison Ivy Is Poisonous.

Poison ivy has long been a mystery both to scientists and laymen; why and in what manner it causes the peculiar rash and irritating inflammation have puzzled both botanists and physicians. At last the reason has been discovered. Doctor Mirande of Paris read to the academy of sciences in that city recently the result of his study of the poisonous weed.

Poison ivy contains prussic acid. This is found principally in the young leaves and buds; in older leaves there is very little of it.

In three and one-half ounces of young leaves there is about a quarter of a grain of the acid.

As in other plants in which prussic acid is found, the poisonous substance does not exist in its perfect form, but develops as soon as the leaves are bruised, a chemical action being set up through the union of an enzyme with a glucosid.

Got Even With Her.

A few days ago two young ladies entered a trolley car and found only standing room.

"I'm going to get a seat," said one to her companion. "Now, you see!"

Selecting a sedate-looking gentleman, she walked up to him.

"My dear Mr. Green," she exclaimed. "How delighted I am to meet you. You are almost a stranger. Will I accept your seat? Well, I do feel tired, I admit. Thank you so much."

The man rose. "Sit down, Jane, my girl," said he, as he courteously pointed to the vacant seat. "I don't often see you out on a washing day. You must feel tired, I'm sure. How's your mistress?"—National Monthly.

Catching the Pose.

"I guess that boy Josh o' mine will make a regular golf player one of these days."

"Has he taken up the game?"

"Not yet. But I've watched him at work an' I've noticed that whenever he's specially interested in something he jee' naturally stands pigeon toed."

CURIOUS PLACES AND EVENTS

Playground of Bower Bird



The bower bird of Australia is remarkable chiefly for its habit of building—quite apart from its nest—a bower, or run, constructed apparently as a playground, to satisfy aesthetic tastes, and to form a place in which the cock bird may display himself before his mate. The run consists of a kind of corridor, some two feet long, made of twigs and dry grass. The walls of this bend towards one another at the top and sometimes even meet, so that the run becomes a tunnel. At each opening to it objects of adornment are collected: shells, brightly colored berries and leaves, brilliant flowers, pieces of glass, scraps of metal; indeed, anything the bird can find and deems suitable. The ornamentation, further, is not confined to entrance and exit; the choicest pieces of all are placed in the run itself. The bird's cleverness is not confined to the carrying of shells and other articles for the adornment of the bower. It can give calls like the cackling of a hen, the barking of a dog, the sound of metal struck, and the cry of the hawk. This last accomplishment is of great use, for it scares away many a small bird which might otherwise intrude. As the decorative flowers or berries wither they are removed and replaced by fresh ones.

QUEER CAR FOR LONG TRIP

A scientific research expedition commanded by Captain Kelsey and under the auspices of the British government is about to start on an automobile trip from the Cape to Cairo, and for its use a remarkable motor car has been built. The body is detachable and can be used as a pontoon for carrying the chassis, engine and baggage across



rivers and lakes. The car carries a searchlight for travel through the bush and provision is made for carrying a big supply of gasoline.

HOW FAR A BARBER SHAVES

Did it ever occur to you how far the average barber shaves every year? As a general rule the writer shaves himself, but the other day he had occasion to visit the barber, and, being statistically inclined, counted the number of razor strokes made in the course of the artist's operations. For a clean shave—chin, cheeks and upper lip—the number was 235, and the time occupied, including the preliminary lathering and the final powdering, was exactly ten minutes. Taking the average razor stroke as being, say, one inch in length, the distance traveled by the blade in removing superfluous hair from the writer's face was six yards, one foot and eight inches.

The barber's shop hours are from eight a. m. to seven p. m.—11 hours. Deduct one and a half hours for meals, and it leaves nine and a half hours. Assume half of this time to be taken up with hair-cutting, shampooing, waiting for customers, etc., and it leaves four and three-quarter hours for shaving. As not every customer is clean-shaven, we must also make an allowance on the number of strokes and on the time occupied. Suppose we take the average number of strokes at 150, and the average time for each shave as eight minutes. This would give time for the scraping of about thirty-six customers, and the distance traveled by the razor would be 5,400 inches, or 150 yards.

The shop closes at one o'clock on Saturdays. Therefore, on the foregoing basis, the number of customers shaved per week will be about 126. Allow a fortnight for the summer holiday, and you have a total of 9,800 customers per year, with a razor stroke distance of 1,470,000 inches, which is equal to 23 miles, 352 yards, one foot!

Further investigation revealed the fact that when the writer shaves himself something like 696 strokes are required to produce a result equal to that obtained by the barber with his 235. The greater skill of the barber is thus represented by a saving in razor distance of no less than 12 yards, two feet, four inches! The time advantage to his credit was six minutes. So much for the results of specializing in industry.

LIVE BOY IN THE COFFIN

While members of the family and relatives were grouped about the open coffin of Mrs. J. R. Burney's three-year-old son at Butte, Cal., listening to the funeral service, the body moved and presently the child sat up and gazed about the room. His eyes caught those of his grandmother, Mrs.

L. P. Smith, eighty-one years old. The aged woman stared at the child as if hypnotized. Then she sank into a chair, dead.

As she fell the child dropped back into its coffin, from which it was quickly taken by the mother. A physician said there was no hope for the boy, and death came a few hours later. The following day there were two coffins in the Burney home. Double services were held and the child and its grandmother were buried side by side.

WYOMING'S STRANGE ROCKS

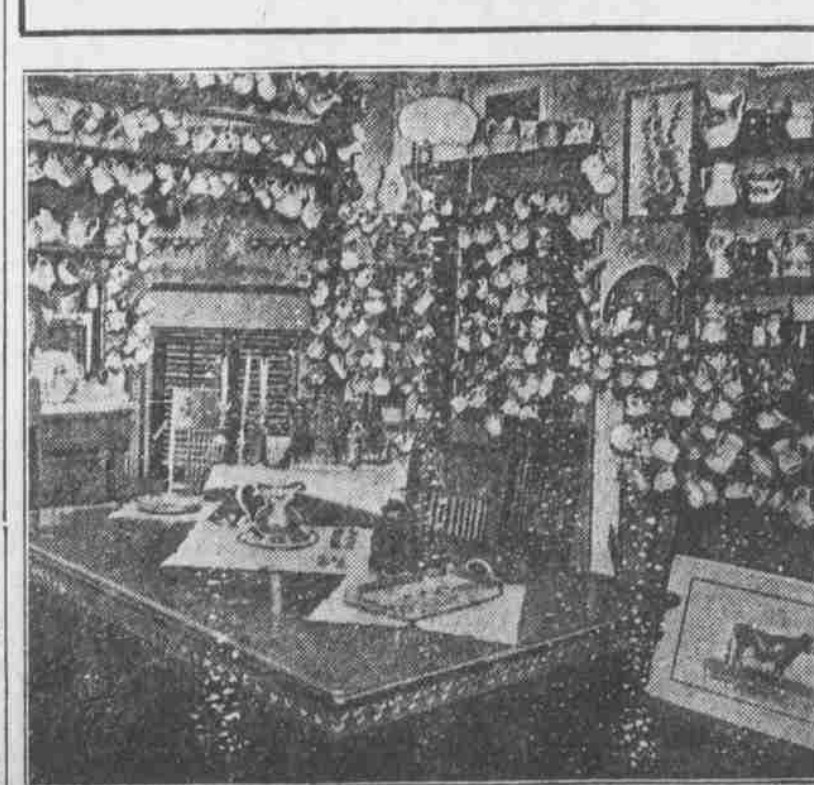
A wonderful region is that around Laramie, in the southern part of Wyoming. The rock formations to be found here are not only of the most singular shapes, but their very singularity tells the story that this part of the United States has had a most remarkable experience. This history extends all the way from the early ages when Wyoming was covered by a great sea and before there was any animal life in North America up through the epoch when the sea gave place to swamps where flourished the giant reptiles of the early world; then the huge flesh-eating dinosaurs and terrible sabre-toothed tigers; later when the land began to rise out of the sea and swamp; and finally when the great continental uplift erected mountains of granite to a height of 12,000 feet and over, and when the white man began to play his important part, first trapping and prospecting and later robbing and murdering and when pursued retreating into the maze of rocks and gorges whence he could defy law and order.

The stone composing the "Monkey Face" (the top of this rock showing the ape-like profile), and the "Hell Gate" "Hell Gate" could perhaps tell the most interesting story. This great stratum was deposited following the carboniferous age, when the atmosphere was so poisonous that the man of today could not have breathed it and lived. The vegetation of this period was the rankest and most luxuriant which has ever grown on our globe, and at this time southern Wyoming

CROSS OF PERE MARQUETTE

In a little Indian village of Michigan stands a monument cross to Marquette, the explorer-missionary of the northwest. Cross village, as it is known, has about 600 inhabitants equally divided between the white and red races. It was founded as an Indian post upon one of Father Marquette's exploring trips. It was at the site of this little village that Marquette erected a large cross and directed his converts to preserve it forever from time and storm. So well have the instructions of Marquette been followed that the cross stands today exactly where it was placed by Marquette.

House of Thousand Pitchers



This is a part of the largest known collection of pitchers, the property of Mrs. James A. Hensley of Knoxville, Tenn. The number is nearing 2,000. They include pitchers from nearly every land under the sun, and some of them are centuries old. Gold, silver, ivory, glass, china, wood and pottery are among the materials represented.

EGYPT'S TOMB OF THE BULLS

Dr. E. A. Thompson of Andover, Mass. Regards This as One of Country's Greatest Wonders.

Washington.—"To me, one of the most interesting sights of a tour around the world, which I have just completed, is the tomb of the bulls in Egypt," said Dr. E. A. Thompson, of Andover, Mass., at the Raleigh.

"After a camel trip of fifteen or sixteen miles south of the Pyramids, across the Sahara desert, one comes to the tomb of the bulls, where in ancient times the mummified remains of the sacred bulls, which were then worshipped by the Egyptians, were entombed. After passing through a tunnel half a mile long under the desert, one comes to the rooms where the bulls were formerly buried. After digging out the rooms immense granite bowlders 18 feet long, 8 feet high and 10



At Tomb of the Bulls.

feet wide were dragged to these rooms by some power of which modern civilization knows nothing. The center of these huge granite bowlders was then hollowed out in the form of a vault, in which the mummified bulls were laid away with religious ceremonies. There are 47 of these tombs in all, and I visited 27 of them. How in the world these great granite pillars were put into place or where they came from nobody knows, but these immense tombs are one of the most marvelous things I encountered on my entire trip.

"The bulls have all been removed from the tombs, having been taken out during different wars. "The Sphinx is also a wonderful work of art, with its head of a woman and body of a lion. A temple has only recently been discovered in the head of the Sphinx, but I did not visit it. Next to the tomb of the bulls, the catacombs at Rome are probably the most interesting tombs in the Old World. They have already excavated 575 miles of catacombs and are still excavating."

SHARK TANGLES A FISH BET

Five Dollars in Real Money Involved in Knotty Problem Regarding Big Catch.

Darby, Pa.—Declaring he had been made the victim of a conspiracy which caused the loss of an unlawful bet, Robert E. Lee, former president of the Darby health board, will write to the fish commission to obtain a legal opinion as to whether a shark is fish or some other animal. Together with Coroner E. F. Carr and Deputy Coroner Charles H. Drewes of Darby; C. Raymond Lee, former councilman of Colwyn, and Orville Lantz, Lee went on a fishing trip from Tuckerton. Before starting the five fishermen made a pool of one dollar each, the whole sum—five dollars—to be given to the man catching the largest fish. After the quintet had pulled in nearly 200 weakfish, Lee excitedly yelled that he had the fish, and suddenly began to slip through his hands so fast that the skin was burned. After five fathom of extra strong fishing twine had run out and the boat had dragged its anchor half a square, Lee, after 15 minutes' hard work, pulled up a 90-pound shark. After it was landed on the deck and killed with an ax, Lee claimed the five dollars, but the others in the party said a shark is not a fish and put it up to the captain, who promptly agreed that a shark is not a fish, but a mammal, and that all bets were off. "I knew the whale was a mammal," said Lee, "but if a shark is in that class it is something new to me."

Box Car Romance. Minneapolis.—As a result of a boy writing his sister's name on a new box car as it left the shops in Pittsburgh a year ago, Ernest Noon of Minneapolis, and Miss Margaret M. Barker of Pittsburgh were married here. Noon, who is a railway employe, saw the name written by the boy, wrote to Miss Barker and a correspondence sprang up which ended in the marriage.

Eloping Couple Win Out.

Cumberland, Md.—Henry H. Adkinson and Miss Lillian Hethen, eloped from White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., after abandoning his automobile which broke down after his hurried flight over the mountains. Adkinson swam across the Green River with his bride-elect on his back. The couple were married here. The bride's father gave up the pursuit at the river bank.

Never Rode on a Train.

Linton, Ind.—Wm. Northcutt, aged eighty-five, is dead, after spending his whole life without ever once riding on a railroad train, automobile or street car. He claimed they were too fast and too dangerous.

Undergoes 200 Operations.

Baltimore.—After undergoing more than 200 operations during three years for the removal of a growth in his throat, George McDowell, died at a hospital here, while the surgeons were making a last attempt to save his life. Among the materials represented.

WOMAN IN TERRIBLE STATE

Finds Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bellevue, Ohio.—"I was in a terrible state before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My back ached until I thought it would break, I had pains all over me, nervous feelings and periodic troubles. I was very weak and run down and was losing hope of ever being well and strong. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I improved rapidly and today am a well woman. I cannot tell you how happy I feel and I cannot say too much for your Compound. Would not be without it in the house if it cost three times the amount."—Mrs. CHAS. CHAPMAN, R. F. D. No. 7, Bellevue, Ohio.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has remedied many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and it may be exactly what you need.

The Pinkham record is a proud and peerless one. It is a record of constant victory over the obstinate ills of woman—ills that deal out despair. It is an established fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored health to thousands of such suffering women. Why don't you try it if you need such a medicine?

Any girl will cheerfully give up a dollar to a fortune teller in exchange for the information that she is going to be married within a year.

His Bust.

Daniel C. French, the sculptor who was commissioned to make the bust of Ralph Waldo Emerson which is now in Memorial Hall, Harvard university, tells this story:

"At one of the sittings Mr. Emerson rose suddenly and walked over to where the sculptor was working. He looked long and earnestly at the bust, and then, with an inimitably dried expression, he said: 'The trouble is the more it resembles me the worse it looks.'"

Necessary Rewards. Were it not for the prizes of life there would be little effort. Few are those who labor for love, and the law of creations seems to have contained the necessity for struggle, with a reward attached. Sons go out to labor as a matter of course, but daughters are sometimes needed at home, where they will not remain without compensation. To it all girls for money-getting is the duty of parents, but they need not be driven to use that knowledge outside of home if parents are able and willing to make their independent financially. Half the wages of a household would serve to keep a daughter as a valuable home worker. The benefit to the girl cannot be over-estimated.—Exchange.

Should Carry a Tin Whistle.

Capt. Thomas E. Halls, of the United States secret service, never learned to whistle. He simply can't pucker up his lips and make the whistling sound, and never could.

One day when he was walking down a Philadelphia street, a well-dressed young woman came running in his direction and said to him: "Kind sir, will you please whistle at the conductor of that car, so he will stop the car for me?"

Captain Halls doffed his hat and said: "Madam, I am very sorry, but nature has made it impossible for me to comply with your request."

The captain says the young woman stopped, looked him over with an air of complete misunderstanding, and withered him on the spot with a pair of eyes that flashed all the scorn that a superior being can have for a "mere man."

LIGHT BREAKS IN Thoughtful Farmer Learns About Coffee.

Many people exist in a more or less lazy condition and it often takes years before they realize that tea and coffee are often the cause of the cloudiness, and that there is a simple way to let the light break in.

A worthy farmer had such an experience and tells about it, in a letter. He says:

"For about forty years, I have had indigestion and stomach trouble in various forms. During the last 25 years I would not move then get over no spell of bilious colic until another would be upon me."

"The best doctors I could get and all the medicines I could buy, only gave me temporary relief."

"Change of climate was tried without results. I could not sleep nights, had rheumatism and my heart would palpitate at times so that it seemed it would jump out of my body."

"I came to the conclusion that there was no relief for me and that I was about wound up, when I saw a Postum advertisement. I had always been a coffee drinker, and got an idea from the ad. that maybe coffee was the cause of my trouble."

"I began to use Postum instead of coffee and in less than three weeks I felt like a new man. The rheumatism left me, and I have never had a spell of bilious colic since."

"My appetite is good, my digestion never was better and I can do more work than before for 40 years."

"I haven't tasted coffee since I began with Postum. My wife makes it according to directions and I relish it as well as I ever did coffee, and I was certainly a slave to coffee."

Name given by Postum Co. Battle Creek, Mich. Write for copy of the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. Instant Postum is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with the addition of cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly.

"There's a reason" for Postum.